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# Puck

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THE OLD ENEMY OF THE CANAL AT HIS OLD TRICKS.

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#### THE COMEDY ELEMENT.

The European concert would  
Be dull, indeed, without  
Billy Hohenzollern,  
And his funny knockabout.

#### AFFLUENT.

"Dat must be a rich fambly what Sam wucks fo'."  
"You bet! He says if dey felt like it dey cud  
have poultry t'ree times a day."

#### A YELLOW JOURNAL AT CORNCOB CORNERS.

FOREMAN.—Say! there's been a mistake made  
somewhere. You know we ordered a keg of newspaper  
ink, black, of course. Well, the order came to-day,  
but the ink company sent us red and yellow ink,  
instead. It's time to go to press now, and we  
have n't a bit of black ink in the shop.

EDITOR WEEKLY HUSTLER.—Well, that's  
too bad! It'll take us a week to get any new ink  
here. Go ahead with the paper and use the red  
and yellow. It is pretty expensive, I know; but  
I've read that there's a good deal of money in this  
here sensational journalism.

IN REORGANIZING the hosts of Democracy it might be just as  
well to discard some of the big guns of the machine variety.

DUTY AND Destiny may force the Powers to take slices of China, but  
they will have to be good-sized slices or there will be trouble. The  
Powers will not stand for shabby treatment from Duty and Destiny if they  
can help it.



#### HIS CREED.

MARCUS JOLICUS.—Methinks a man should never be too old to  
tread a measure!

CAIUS AMICUS.—Thou'rt right, friend! I do believe that Terpsi-  
chore accepts no excuse but rheumatism.

#### THE RED-COAT.

GENTLES, pray you, hear my story,  
For it's quickly sped;  
'T is about a pretty Tory  
(Blessings on her head!)  
In a coat of crimson glory—  
Britain's royal red!

Faith—could you but know the wearer  
Well you would agree  
Never princess any fairer  
Is our lot to see;  
Nor a more adept insnarer,  
Both of you and me.

See you not, then, the commotion  
Such a lure may bring?  
How strong men might take a notion  
To do anything?  
E'en to proving their devotion  
With "God save the king!"

Thus you'll spare the poor narrator—  
Lacking strength and art—  
From the stigma keen of "traitor"  
(Which his words impart),  
Since, with such an instigator,  
He has changed his heart.

Gentles, here's a truce to folly.  
Wot you not I mean  
Only witching Mistress Polly  
Of the golfing green?  
So away with melancholy.  
Cry, "God save the queen!"

Edwin L. Sabin.

TO W. J. B.—  
Say no more  
and all will be for-  
given.

THE ELECTION  
is rare which  
strikes off shackles  
enough to embar-  
rass the scrap-iron  
trade.

THE DEMAND for  
indemnity is large enough to convince China that the  
way of the transgressor is expensive.

WASHINGTON was chosen unanimously; but since then we  
have found out how to get some fun out of a Presidential  
election.

POSSIBLY the Chinese would take a little more kindly to  
Christianity if they realized that you can believe in it  
without practicing it.

THE BOER plan seems to be to fight in the last ditch and then  
sneak back and snipe at the occupants of the various prelimi-  
nary ditches.



#### PUCKOGRAPHS. — LXXXV.

A FRENCH ACTOR WHO DESERVES ALL THE  
MONEY HE IS MAKING.





MAMA'S VIEW.

SHE.—He says he can not live without me.

MAMA.—Well, I'd rather have him single than married when he finds out that he can!

PROOF AGAINST SQUEEZING.

"And here 's a scientist," said the first microbe, "who proposes to squeeze microbes to death;—wants to subject us to a pressure of thousands of pounds to the square inch."

"He can't scare me," said the second microbe. "I've traveled on the Brooklyn Bridge."

THE USUAL REMARKS.

"What did he say when he slipped on the ice?"

"Well, he did the best he could, but he could n't think of anything original."

THE FOOLISH SHEPHERDESS.

Little Bo-Peep, she lost her sheep  
And failed to advertise;  
The result, of course, was much remorse  
And terribly reddened eyes.

HOW HE SUFFERED.

ISAACS.—Levy vos inchured in a railroad wreck.

COHENSTEIN.—You don't tell me!

ISAACS.—Yes. He had feefy shares of shtock undt der bresident busted der road, vich is now in der hands of a rezeiver.

CRUEL TO AN AMATEUR.

MRS. NEWED (*seriously*).—Henry, I wanted to take our cook's picture with my new camera to-day, and she would n't let me. I believe she 's a criminal!

MR. NEWED.—Not necessarily, dear;—she may be only a member of the Society for the Prevention of Crime.

THE DAY has not yet come when a woman may look steadfastly forward without having the neighbors say her head is turned.

AN AMERICAN is pretty brassy. He 's very ap. to think, just because he 's rich and caviare does n't turn his stomach, that he is somebody.



WILLING.

"Of course, we have other gloves we can try on—"

"Have you, Miss? By gum! I'd like to try em!"



THE AUTHOR'S POSE.

MR. GREATHEAD (*the Author*).—I am sorry, Mr. Putz, I will not be able to have my picture taken to-day. I have a felon on my forefinger.  
MR. PUTZ (*the Photographer*).—A felon on your finger? I can't see that that makes any difference.

#### ALMOST A TWIN.



SOPHOCLES DRIGGS would have been a twin if he had not been an only son. He looked like a twin. He had the same eyes, the same hair, the same features that a twin would have; but he was no twin. But when he grew old enough to notice his extraordinary resemblance to himself, he was not slow to make capital out of it. When he applied for the position of office-boy in the banking-house of Putz & Cawles he explained that he had a twin-brother, a wild lad, and it was among the possibilities that some day it would enter his brother's head to forcibly detain him at home and come in his place. "And, sir," said Sophocles, making an obeisance (and he was an adept in their quick manufacture), "if he comes, I pray you look to your purses, for he is a sad, bad lad."

Sophocles had no faults save a tendency to lie and steal, but he was so good-natured and so circumspect that he was never found out, and in a year's time he had amassed quite a large sum, solely the result of his systematic thieving.

But we are all prone to err, and one day Sophocles carelessly left upon his desk a number of bills which he had filched from Mr. Putz.

Putz was an unpleasant man, and he very rudely charged Sophocles with having stolen them. That young man kept his temper admirably and said: "Mr. Putz, I am sorry to say that yesterday my brother Pericles (for that was the name he had invented for his imaginary twin) forcibly detained me at home, as I warned you he might. He has undoubtedly come here in my absence and has palmed himself off upon you and has improved his chance to steal."

"Bring him at once to me," said the odious Mr. Putz, "or I will have you imprisoned for possessing such a brother!"

Sophocles saw that he was in a tight place, so he said to the rude Mr. Putz: "That my brother did the deed I have no doubt, and that he should be punished is equally evident to me, but—he is my brother and I love him—like—like the paper on the wall. Spare him. Do with me what you like. Imprison me, if you will, but let my brother go!"

He said these noble words with a beautiful, self-sacrificing gesture which he had practiced at home for a long time,

so as to be prepared when occasion came for its use, and the rude Mr. Putz was touched to the core.

"My boy, your behavior reminds me of a story in my old reader, and I will make it still more like by pardoning your brother for your sake. And here, my generous little fellow, keep that which your brother stole! You may need it."

With tears of unfeigned joy Sophocles pocketed the money, and so great was his gratitude to Mr. Putz that he stole less and less from him as the years rolled on; and, at last, when he was made a partner in the concern, he made complete restitution by investing all his ill-gotten gains in the banking-house. *Finis coronat opus.*

Charles Battell Loomis.

#### HIS HUMILITY.

ABNER APPLEDRY.—Jay Green ain't got no more pride and independence about him than a rabbit!

AARON ALLRED.—Say he aint?

ABNER APPLEDRY.—Nah! Why, whenever he takes a ride on the cars he never stamps up and down the aisles and stands out on the back platform, to show everybody that he knows his rights, but just sets still in his seat like he was in church!

#### MISERY'S CROWN OF MISERY.

"Dubbs is a pessimist, is n't he? He believes that the worst will come to the worst."

"Oh, no! He believes that man is doomed to the worst, but it won't come to him;—he'll have to go after it."

#### CLASS IN LANGUAGE.

"We will now do a little paraphrasing," said the teacher. "Tommy Tenspot, you may give us a paraphrase of 'Virtue is its own reward.'"

"We must be good for nothing," replied Tommy, with ready appreciation of the niceties of language.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS like success, and nothing fails like telling how to get it.

THE DISADVANTAGE of being born great is that you can never impart the secret of success!



MR. GREATHEAD.—You don't? Now, what would I look like having my picture taken with a finger like that?



SCORNED THE SUGGESTION.

#### SCORNED THE SUGGESTION.

"Now, if you learned stenography and typewriting—"

"Say! You don't think I'd be willin' to settle down an' be a clerk, do you?"





# THE POEMS I NEVER WRITE.

HERE 's the limpid lay of the lirting  
bird,  
And the sunshine on the dew;  
There 's the swish of spray from  
the dreamship's prow  
As it scurries the white waves  
through;  
There 's the tinkling dream of  
the whispering stream  
Through the mystic hours of night—  
There 's the Spring's first step on the southern slope  
In the poems I never write.

There 's the tender thrilling of love's first kiss  
On the lips of a trusting maid;  
There 's a baby's laugh, there 's a mother's love,  
There 's a tryst 'neath the Summer shade;  
There 's the sweet perfume of the orange bloom  
When the bride goes pink and white;  
There are sunsets fair with their gorgeous hues—  
In the poems I never write.

There is gold — much gold, and silver, too,  
And limitless bank accounts;  
There are food and clothes and a Summer home  
'Way up in the Catskill mounts;  
There is deathless fame and an honored name  
Inscribed at a lofty height  
In the poems I never (Oh! tell the truth!) —  
In the poems I can not write!

*S. W. Gillilan.*

## INDISSOLUBLE.

The Boston young person fairly shuddered.  
Nothing, she protested, could be more sacred in  
her eyes than the marriage tie.

"I would no more come between a man and his  
wife," she exclaimed, with a solemnity that left us in  
no doubt as to her sincerity, "than I would separate  
the two elements of the infinitive! God hath joined;  
let no man put asunder!"

MAN OFTEN builds better than he knows, and  
sometimes when he does n't know at all.



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## HIS EXPERIENCE.

JANITOR.— Just married, I suppose?

NEWWED.— Any objection to that?

JANITOR.— Not at all! Turtle doves ain't the worst kickers!



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## SYMPTOMS OF DECADENCE.

UNCLE JUDSON.— Hiram says that when he was at New York last week a couple of bunco fellers  
tried to work him, but that they did n't get a cent.

UNCLE JEDEDIAH.— H'mph! I tell you that, in spite of all she can do, New York is slowly but  
surely losin' her financial supremacy.

WILLY'S SISTER'S YOUNG MAN MAKES A CALL.

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ANXIOUS.

"Your wife's just met with a serious accident, Mr. Wilkens," said the excited messenger. "She ran over a dog while riding her wheel and they've taken her to the hospital."

WILKENS (*excitedly*).—Was it a liver-and-white fox-terrier with dark spots on his shoulders?

UNRITUALISM.

As gently as I might, I told him he was impossible.

"Yet I, too, worship mammon!" he protested.

"Yes," replied I; "but you are so extremely latitudinarian!"

With this I glanced meaningly at his four-dollar trousers and his ready-to-wear necktie.



IV.



V.

THE VAIN KING.

THE MONKEY.—The lion shows his teeth to everybody who speaks to him to-day.

THE GIRAFFE.—Heavens! What made him so cross?

THE MONKEY.—He isn't cross;—he had two of his front teeth filled with gold yesterday.

A THREAT.

MRS. HOON.—They call Mr. Gabbieby a walking encyclopedia, don't they?

MR. HOON.—Yes; confound him! And they will call him a crippled crawling encyclopedia, one of these days, if he does n't stop using me as a sewer for useless information!

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

MR. HOON (*in the midst of his reading*).—Ha! The editor of the Woman's Department in the *Immaculate Monthly*, published at Ladies-homejournalville, must be as homely as a comic valentine, whoever she is.

MRS. HOON.—What makes you think so?

MR. HOON.—Aw! She says here, "Wisdom is far more to be prized than good looks."

A DEFINITION.

SELDUM FEDD.—Say, Soiled, how do you define "faith?"

SOILED SPOONER.—Aw! Dat's what enables kind old ladies to t'ink dey are doin' good when dey feed us.

IT is said that more wealth is given away to the poor, in the long run, than is given away to the assessors.

IF EVERY attempt at epoch-making were successful the supply of epochs would be greatly in excess of the demand.



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A MISUNDERSTANDING.

MISS BLACK (*archly*).—I s'pose you doan' like coquettes.

MR. JOHNSON.—Oh, yes, 'deed I do! 'Specially chicking coquettes!

HER VIEW.

MR. SOLIDROCKS.—It's a heavy defalcation and, perhaps, I'd better keep it quiet.

MRS. SOLIDROCKS.—Oh, no! Let the world know how easily you can afford it.

IN MISSOURI.

CLERK.—That train-robber says he won't pay his bill.

MISSOURI GROCER.—Well, then, I suppose we'll have to garnishee the railroad company.

A DRESS CIRCLE.

—The Woman's Sphere.

THE MOST objectionable thing about meek people is their tendency to regard their future high station as a valid claim for present veneration.

NO DOUBT the early Christians did the best they could, but they were never able to point with pride to the estimated value of their church property.



# PUCK.



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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**KRUGER ON THE ROAD.** THE SPECTACLE of the old man, Kruger, knocking in vain at the doors of the Courts of Europe, is pathetic enough. Strength and talent such as his might fairly have won a happier finish. But it should not be forgotten that he has himself chiefly to blame for his plight. Indeed, the quality that most insured his earlier success was the one that incurred his later defeat. He is a very stubborn old man. He was stubborn in the days when it helped him; and he remained stubborn in the days when it hurt him. A little polite flexibility at the last, such as a better knowledge of the ways of the outside world might have given, would have enabled him to keep his place without in the least impairing his dignity. But his years were too many for him to learn new ways,—taken into account with his disposition. The South African Republic was a republic in name only. Actually it was an oligarchy in which thousands of modern Europeans were being misgoverned scandalously by a handful of 16th century Dutchmen, with this strong, stubborn old man at their head. Of course, the day for this thing is not past. The few still govern the many in more than one place we could name. But always the strongest few; never the weakest. And when the issue came finally to lie between a few Dutchmen and a stronger few Englishmen, there was only one way out, even if it did cost a great many lives and much treasure and an unexpected disclosure of military ineptness on the side of the conqueror. Mr. Kruger's European visit will doubtless do him good. But it would have been far better for him if he had thought to go about the world a bit before he went to war. He might then have learned enough to provide for a return which would have been both enjoyable and creditable to him and to his people.

**THE ANTI-CANAL LOBBY.** THE SENATE is preserving its reputation as "the grave-yard of treaties." Unless a feat in expert body-snatching is performed, it will now be in order to erect a neat shaft in memory of the treaty that might have given us a much needed canal. The situation is not creditable to the august body that is supposed to be safe-guarding the country's inter-

ests. It is notorious that the opposition to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is merely veiled opposition to the construction of any canal whatsoever. And the veiling is of the gauziest kind. Only the shortest-sighted Jingos, those who treasure the archaic delusion of our natural enmity with Great Britain, will fail to see that these devices of alleged patriotism are lobby-inspired; that they are meant, in the interests of the trans-continental railways and the Panama Canal Company, merely to balk the construction of a Nicaraguan canal. Read in this light, the ostensibly high-minded attitude of certain Senators and certain interested newspapers is seen to be nothing more than high-handed. If the canal treaty should, by any chance, prove acceptable to Great Britain in its present shape, the ingenuity of these hostile interests will only be further taxed. The canal is a delicate, as well as a big undertaking. So long as the Jingo spirit remains so credulous and inflammable it will be an easy matter for the double-headed and doubly-financed lobby to delay it.

## A CONTEMPORARY WELCOMED.

DESTINY WOULD be better liked if it were not so infernally logical. A casual *non sequitur* now and then would almost endear it to us. Yet we wait in vain to catch it tripping. Mr. Bryan waited a long time. But now, like other men, he bends with what grace he can to its pitiless logic. He is going to publish a weekly paper at Lincoln, Nebraska. There was really no other fate possible for him. His paper is to be called "The Commoner," and that, too, was inevitable. A man of Mr. Bryan's natural exuberance, vivid and controlling imagination, and entire misconception of the American character and the conditions under which it has thrived, was bound ultimately to publish in one of our Western states a newspaper called "The Commoner," or by some euphonious equivalent. There was no way out of it. It is not only the proud privilege but the logical destiny of a certain kind of American citizen, who is good for nothing else, to get out a "crank" newspaper. Expression is as necessary to us as breathing. Mr. Bryan believes the great body of the American people to be peasant-serfs, groaning under a despotism of plutocracy that waxes year by year more iniquitous. He has barely recovered from the latest demonstration of this damnable state of things. Having become convinced, however, that the hapless victims do not wish him to express this belief from Washington, he will now proceed to do it from Lincoln, at a dollar a year in advance. Any American serf not already debased beyond caring about his condition may learn, at this modest outlay, just how it happened, and what steps are necessary to restore the glorious government of our forefathers. The greatest difficulty with which Mr. Bryan will have to contend is the American serf's stupid blindness to his awful estate. With a good job, and perhaps a few hundred dollars in the savings-bank, he is apt to disbelieve any one who tells him he is being kept down. Then, too, a serf of capacity now and then finds himself a plutocrat; and, strangely enough, there is such an encouraging plenty of these that we have yet to encounter an American who hadn't some sort of notion of becoming a plutocrat by some means, at some time or other; and this makes him tolerant of the rich, even while he is yet a wretched commoner. As a trouble-maker, therefore, we don't look for Mr. Bryan to do much. As a purveyor of amusement he has already betrayed an ability that is uncommon. As such, PUCK welcomes him to the field of comic journalism.

## CIVIC LOYALTY.

**WABASH.**—If anything makes me tired it is to listen to the twaddle of that fellow, Eastman, of New York. Always speaks slurringly of Chicago. He said the other day that Chicago lacked tone, and that we were woefully deficient in men of letters.

**MRS. WABASH.**—Well, did n't you convince him of his error?

**WABASH.**—I think so. I told him that I was n't sure but I supposed that our tone was as loud as anybody's; but as to the letters, statistics would show that the mail business of Chicago stood second in volume among the cities of the country.

## WHAT THEY'RE GETTING.

"You're not giving the Filipinos a fair show!" howled the Anti.

"Oh! I don't know," remarked the American; "continuous performance is pretty popular with the masses at present."

## SOME EXCUSE FOR THEM.

"The Boers don't know when they are beaten."

"No. They seem to be misled by the fact that they continue to capture British detachments."

NOW LET us all get right busy fixing up the Cabinet. Knives and hammers will prove the most popular tools in this work.

IF RUSSIA brewed this trouble in China she should have shut down the brewery considerably earlier, thereby avoiding an embarrassing overproduction.



## REQUIRES EXPERIENCE.

**WAITER.**—I spik some Inglesch, Monsieur.

**CUSTOMER.**—Oh! very well; but most of the waiters understand my French.

**WAITER.**—Pardon, Monsieur! but may be I haf not been long enough in ze countree to understan' ze customaires' French.



JOTTMAN LITH. CO. PUCH BLDG. N.Y.

"THE WANDERING JEW."

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PUCK.



SOME NOTABLE HAPPENINGS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

From New York Churnal.

SEPT. 18, 1897.—The *Churnal* discovered a race of tailless pigmies in Central Africa.

OCT. 3, 1897.—The *Churnal* reached a daily circulation of 4,541,144 copies, or enough to build papier-maché bicycle paths, one hundred and sixty-four columns wide, from Dan to Beersheba and from Schenectady to Troy.

JAN. 1, 1899.—One of the *Churnal's* lady reporters took an exciting ride in a patrol wagon, spent the night in a police station and the following morning was fined five dollars and costs.

FEB. 23, 1899.—The *Churnal* clears up the mystery of the trunkless, legless and armless body found in the East River by a *Churnal* reporter ten days ago.

MARCH 4, 1899.—A *Churnal* reporter discovered where Richard Croker got it.

JAN. 1, 1900.—The *Whirrall's* former circulation manager joined *Churnal's* army and swore off swearing lies.

APRIL 7, 1900.—The *Churnal* perfected an X-ray that enables its reporters to see through the strongest doors ever built.

JULY 9, 1900.—The *Churnal* reached the 10,000,000 mark.

DEC. 31, 1900.—The *Churnal* acknowledged by press, pulpit and people to be the greatest achievement of the nineteenth century.

P. H. Carey.

THE SURE CURE.

FIRST HORSE.—Look, Bill! That automobile has balked.

SECOND HORSE.—I wonder if that dude of a driver knows enough to build a fire under the stubborn thing?

HARDENED BY EXPERIENCE.

"Begob! there's more bricky brac broke! Faith, I moind the toime whin I'd be rale worrid about a thing loike thot!"

CONSPICUOUS BRAVERY.

FRIEND.—Stormington is a hero; actor, is n't he?

COMEDIAN.—You bet he is! Why, on several occasions I've seen him keep right on acting till he was fired upon!

NIGHT IN CHICAGO.

CONDUCTOR.—Why did n't you stop for them three fellers that signaled?

MOTORMAN.—I got me week's salary in me pocket, and you bet I ain't takin' chances like that!



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BETWEEN FRIENDS.

MISS OLETIMER.—I think kissing is so foolish!

MISS MAYBUDD.—Oh! But you must n't believe everything you read.

HIS ANSWER.

LITTLE CLARENCE (*who has an inquiring mind*).—Now, Pa, about the "driven snow"—what is it driven to, anyhow?

MR. CALLIPERS.—I'd tell you it was driven to drink as soon as the first warm day comes, and then explain the pun to you if I had the time. But I am too busy now; so just run away and play, Clarence.

THE CRIMINAL POOR.

PARSON PRIMROSE.—Don't you know, little boy, it's wrong to play base-ball on Sunday?

FREDDY.—Yes, sir; but our club ain't got the money to run golf links.

THE MILLENNIUM will be here when they turn the other cheek in Kentucky.

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A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.



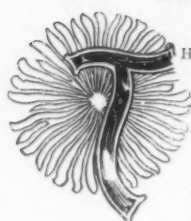
I.  
THE PARROT.—Hello! Brother Parrot, how are you!



II.  
!!!—!!!



# OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS.



THE HOUSE of Tidrow being divided against itself, a brother-in-law of one of the combatants halted 'Squire Bobbinett, a moss-grown but hard-headed old Arkansaw Justice of the Peace, as he was about to ride by, and requested him to come in and pour oil on the troubled waters. Upon entering the domicile, the jurist found it divided into two hostile camps by a chalk-mark drawn along the middle of the floor, at one side of which sat Mrs. Tidrow, consoled and comforted by sundry relatives of both sexes, while on the opposite side of the trocha was Mr. Tidrow, in like manner sustained by certain of his kin. Both factions talked darkly of a divorce.

"Er-h'm!" began the justice. "This yere thing of a divorce is a solemn matter—a pow'ful solemn matter—"

"He called me a cross-eyed old rackabite!" spitefully interjected Mrs. Tidrow, who was a fluent talker. "And that's suthin' that I won't stand from any man, husband or no husband, and don't you forgit it! And I was n't doin' a thing to him at the time, either, but—"

"Huh!" interrupted her husband. "She called me—"

"Good reason why!" broke in the lady. "He threw a stick of stove-wood at me, 'Squire!"

"Wal," chimed in Mr. Tidrow. "She throwed ten or 'leven of 'em at me first, and—"

"Yes," exclaimed the wife. "But he hit me with his'n!"

"Wal, she—"

"But he—"

"Tell you how it was 'Squire—"

"No sech thing, 'Squire—"

"She—"

"He—"

"Huh! I'd rather be in the Pit of Tawment with my back broke than to live with that woman any longer!"

"And I would n't live another minute with that man for all the money in the world!"

"The relatives of the embroiled couple began to move about uneasily and to talk all at once.

"Tut! Tut! Mr. and Mrs. Tidrow, and the rest of you people!" said the justice. "Thar hain't no occasion for tearin' the house down. I am acquainted with a good many of the facts in this case, myself. This yere couple, aided and abetted by their respective relatives, have gone on from bad to worse, magnifyin' each other's faults and huntin' for each other's failin's with spy-glasses, pilin' one thing up on top of another till they are now ready to break the sacred vows they made when they stood hand in hand befo' the preacher and heard him pronounce 'em man and wife and d—d be he who first cries 'Hold, enough!' and—er—er—I mean, they are ready to break the solemn vows they made at the altar. The real cause of the trouble is that Mr. Tidrow is sawter triffin' and—"

"Look out, 'Squire!"

"It's a fact, Mr. Tidrow, and you know it! And Mrs. Tidrow is given to talkin' a heap too much—"

"No sech thing!"

"These is facts, Mrs. Tidrow! Then, these yere relatives have had their fingers in the pie and their noses in the row till it has progressed to the p'int of war and annicky. The farm has gone to staves, the mortgage is about to take the place, and the children is neglected till they are as wild as rabbits and scoot into the brush at the approach of a stranger. Now, what you people want is not a divorce, but mo' consanguinity. Run



## AN ATTRACTIVE POSSIBILITY.

JOHNNY.—I'd like to have a big toy locomotive with a real boiler.

PAPA.—But the boiler might explode!

JOHNNY.—Might it? That *would* be fun, would n't it?

up the white flag, j'ine hands, scat all your female relatives and kick all the male ones off from the place, uproot the weeds, clean the house, mend the fences, entice the children into captivity and patch their poor little pantaloons and skirtcoats; use mo' sugar and tea and less whiskey; go to church regularly and to the circus occasionally; learn to give and take; overlook faults instead of seekin' 'em; and you 'll find that thar is happiness in married life, after all. And then come around and thank me for advisin' you not to get a divorce. Mr. Tidrow, sir, do mo' plowin' and less loafin'; be the kind of a husband that the kind of a wife you desire your'n to be ort to have. Be a man, instead of a lazy, loungin' lout, and—"

"I won't have you talk about my husband that-away!" broke in the good woman, wrathfully. "He ain't—"

"Mrs. Tidrow, Ma'am," went on the 'Squire, sternly: "to you I will say, do mo' sewin' and less gabblin'; be a loving wive and mother, instead of a slip-shod, slatternly, complain'—"

"Looky yere, 'Squire!" ejaculated Tidrow, indignantly. "I won't stand to hear my wife talked about in that manner! She's the mother of my children, and—"

"It's a true bill against you both."

"No, it ain't! My husband—"

"No man can say sech things about my wife—"

"Git out of here, you old fool!"

"That's it! Git out of yere, 'Squire Bobbinett, befo' I hurt you, and don't never step foot on this place again!"

Accordingly, the sage old justice promptly left.

"Never 'll hear anything more out of them people about a divorce," he chuckled, as he rode away. "Sech is human nature."

Tom P. Morgan.



## A FOXY SCHEME.

BLUFFER.—So you have taught your wife poker?

MEEKBOY.—Yes. It's a great scheme! Last Saturday night I won back nearly two dollars of my salary!

GOOD GOVERNMENT being within the reach of the masses, they would probably get it if there were no other kind within reach.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

# SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

## THE OBSTACLE.

OLDHAMME.—Young man, have an ideal. Have an ideal, I say, and hug it to your bosom at all times and places.  
YOUNGDOGGE.—She won't let me.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## Novena Old Rye Whiskey



Pronounced by connoisseurs the best beverage in the rye field.

Age, Purity, Bouquet.

It's high priced, but it's good. Write for catalogue and price list of our products.

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On rising—for a clear head—drink

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Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness. All Others Are Imitations.

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These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

Established 1823.

# WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore Md.

## POOR SIMILE.

Henpeck, they say, is "like a mouse." That's nonsense! For it's clear, He can't inspire in his spouse The slightest sense of fear.

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"HE was in the Legislature two years," reads a notice of a deceased citizen; "came within an ace of going to Congress, held a government office five years, and finally died a Christian."—*Atlanta Constitution.*



HE KNEW HIS MOTHER.

"You young rascal! I think you're the worst cub in the jungle!"  
"Oh, pshaw! Mama, you would n't say that about me to anybody else!"

Ability to succeed is limited by your health. Attain your full possibilities by using Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. The great strength giver.

Order of the American Wine Co., of St. Louis, if your grocer don't keep Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

## A THREAT.

"No, sir," said Mr. Meekton, warmly; "no man would dare say I am henpecked!"  
"Why not?" asked a near relation, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice.  
"Because, if he did, I'd tell Henrietta on him."—*Washington Star.*

PATENT medicine manufacturers are such persistent advertisers that we often wonder they don't engage space on tombstones to announce that the people lying under them refused to take their cure.—*Atchison Globe.*

A WOMAN may be a thorough Christian in most things, but she never really forgives the kindness of the man who brings her husband home about 3 A. M., with his feet sticking out of the window of a cab.—*Indianapolis News.*

"IF IT'S RED TOP RYE IT'S RIGHT"

Red Top Pure Rye Whiskey

The New Year No care Our hopes Your health In RED

's here—so can be, are high, we see TOP RYE

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS. Cincinnati, O. St. Joseph, Mo. Distillery: Louisville, Ky.

# Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

All over the world

**Bicycle Playing Cards**

are preferred by experienced players. Sold by dealers from Greenland to Australia. "Card Games, and How to Play Them" a 120 page book mailed for six flap ends from Bicycle boxes, or five 2c. stamps.

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#### TIME FLIES.

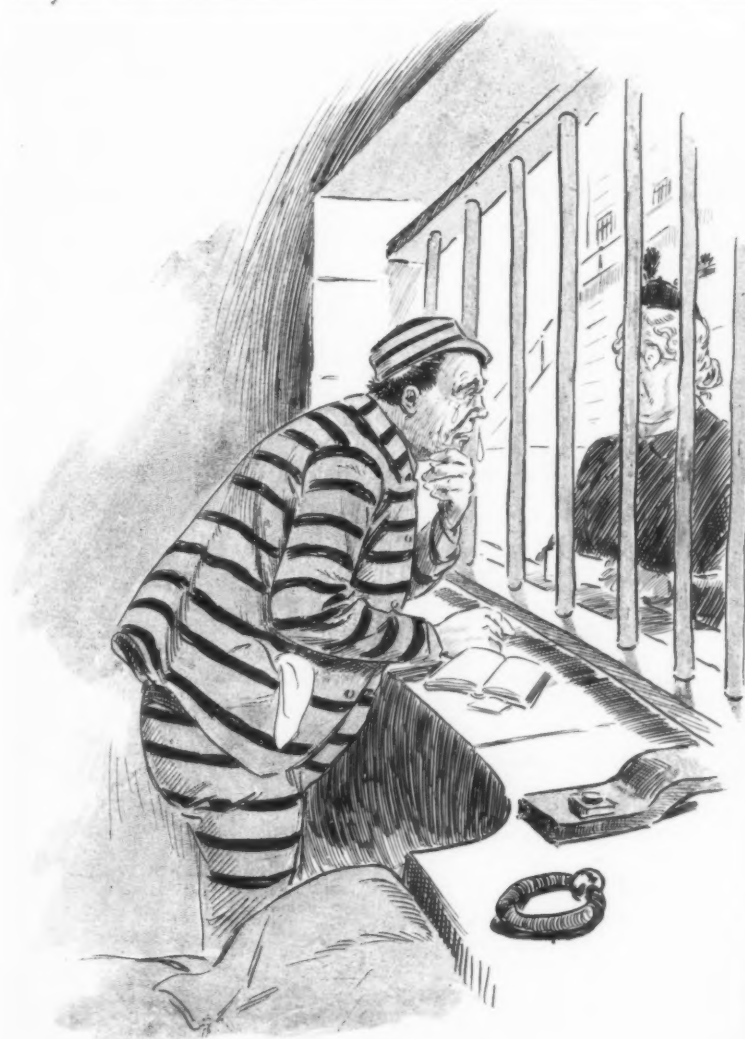
SHE.—This love that you tell me about all seems so new, so strange!  
HE.—Why, has n't anyone ever made love to you before?  
SHE.—Oh, yes! But not for fully three weeks.—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### AN APPREHENSION.

"There is a great deal that is unsatisfactory about being a great orator," remarked the man who had made a speech.

"Don't you enjoy the applause of the multitude?"

"Not much! You never can tell whether all these people gather around you because they like you, or merely because they want a chance to get fresh air and holler."—*Washington Star.*



#### AN OLD, OLD STORY.

LADY.—Poor man! I suppose you were a victim of youthful environment?

CONVICT.—Yes, Mum! I wuz a victim uv neglect;—me dad wuz a "Reformer," me mother a "Charity-worker!"

Nothing so refreshing as a half wine-glass of *Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters* before meals, the South American appetizer. Beware of imitation.

Yet it is not believed that New York will be made so good that nobody will care to live in the town.—*Washington Post.*

## Williams' Shaving Soap



"EVER USED IT! Well, I should think so, young man, and so did my father and grandfather before me. It's the only soap I can use. My beard is one of the tough, wiry kind that nothing but Williams' Shaving Soap will soften. Williams' Soap is simply wonderful for that; and it makes my face so soft and smooth that I would rather shave than not. Guess you can't tell me much about Williams' Shaving Soap, my boy. It's the only Real Shaving Soap."

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Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c.      Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25c.  
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Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for Toilet.

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"Animosities hence done away,  
Bright commerce enliv'ning the shore,  
Let this be the toast of to-day,  
Good fellowship all the world o'er."

A pure rye,  
10 years old, aged  
by time,  
not artificially.

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Green Label.

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WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,  
Phila. & New York.  
ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.



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#### HIS VIEW OF IT.

THE ARTIST (*proudly*).—I received five thousand dollars for that picture!  
MR. FOKHAM.—Gee-whizz! Now you 'll be able to quit painrin' and go into some kind of business, won't you?

#### THE POOR MAN.

I've an utter contempt for riches, mind;  
For dollars, and bonds, and deeds.  
But, alas! my contempt is not the kind  
Familiarity breeds.

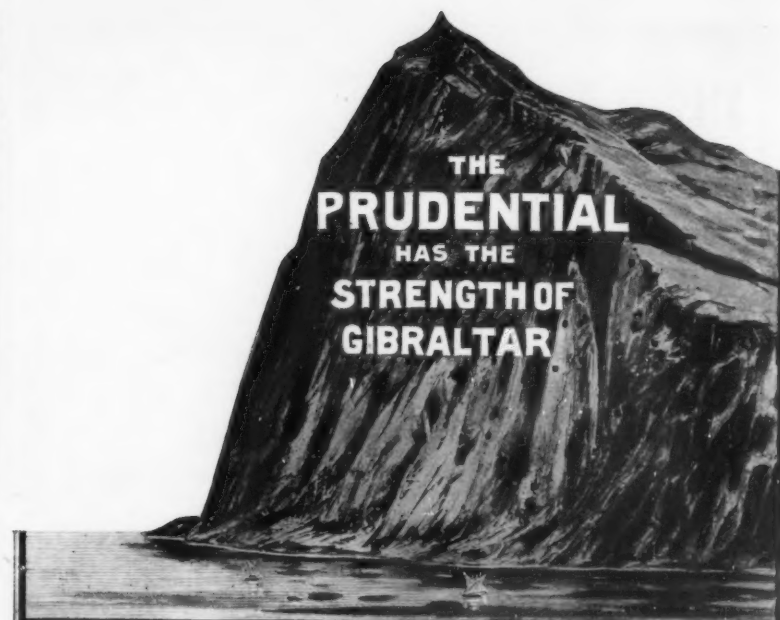
—Catholic Standard and Times.

#### A CORRECT GUESS.

"If I give you a quarter," said Gazzam to the tramp who had requested that amount, "I suppose you 'll buy whiskey with it."  
"Your supposition is correct, sir," replied the tramp, dropping his dialect for the moment. "You don't catch me wasting good hard cash on eatables. I can get them at people's back doors."—*Detroit Free Press*.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**

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The Dueber-Hampden Watch Works, - Canton, O.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."  
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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CARRIED AWAY BY HIS EMOTIONS.  
The boy stood on the burning deck  
And tore the gaslit air;  
The other fellow held three jacks,  
While he had but a pair.  
—Detroit Free Press.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—There's one thing about my husband I never could understand.

MRS. YEAST.—And what's that?


"Why, when he comes home late he can't find the key-hole; but when he gets inside, from the noise he makes, he seems to find everything in the room."  
—Yonkers Statesman.

**You take no chances**

WHEN  
YOU  
BUY A

**REMINGTON**

TYPEWRITER




TO MAKE SURE.

ADMIRER.—It's jist one of two fellers she's writin' to!  
FRIEND.—Kin yer find out which one?  
ADMIRER.—If I can't, I 'll smash dem both!

AFTER THE OUTING.

Her father produces his note-book,  
With a very sad look in his eye,  
And he figures and figures and figures,  
Nor pauses, except for a sigh.

And his beautiful daughter beside him,  
With beauty and wit all aglow,  
Ne'er dreams as she tenderly watches  
That she is the cause of his woe.

They are back from their haunts for the Summer,  
And he finds—but bears up like a man—  
Ten dollars apiece paid for freckles,  
And a hundred per square inch for tan.

—Washington Star.

A FLURRY.

MR. GOTHAM (looking over the market reports).—The paper says there was quite a flurry in beef yesterday.

MRS. GOTHAM.—Gracious me! Did some more steers break loose?—  
New York Weekly.



To a cocktail or  
any drink in  
which whisky is  
used

**"Canadian  
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adds a zest that  
is decidedly pleas-  
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N. P. BOYER & CO., Coatesville, Pa.

Said a young man of habits unsteady  
To his chum: "Do as I do, now, Freddy:  
To settle your head  
Before going to bed  
Have a small Ripan's Tabule all ready."

BRIEFS FROM BILLVILLE.

The Republicans we banished six days before the election are slowly returning home. A cordial welcome to all! What we want to do now is to build up the town.

Our losses on the recent election were not great—consisting of one brindle cow and seven friends. We are now back to business with "Welcome" over the door.

Now that the country has settled down for four years we extend the glad hand of forgiveness to all our enemies who won money from us.

Major Jones, our late leading Republican, died two hours after we went to press. We will try to locate him, however, in our next issue. —Atlanta Constitution.

COLLECTING WITH A PURPOSE IN VIEW.

"Strange how many queer people have peculiar fads. Do you see that fellow over there? His fad is the collection of postage stamps."

"That wreck! What does he do with postage stamps?"

"Keeps on collecting until he has three two-centers and then turns 'em into beer." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A TEACHER in one of the city Sunday-schools recently asked the small boys who compose her class what Lot's wife did before she turned into a pillar of salt. She was almost broken up when a ragged little urchin in one of the rear seats shouted: "She turned to rubber!" —Indianapolis News.



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J. OTTMAR LITH. CO. N.Y.

PROGRESS.

"I should say the girls *are* enthusiastic about foot-ball! You know Miss Jones, whose sole ambition was to be *svelte*?"

"Yes?"

"Well, she 's breaking her heart because she is n't heavy enough for a full back!"

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